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EDITORS & PROPRIETORS

WHOLE NO. 360.

TERMS.

Cooper's Clarksburg Register is published in Clarksburg, Va., every Friday morning, at \$2.00 per annum, in advance, or at the expiration of six months from the time of subscribing; after which \$2.50 will invariably be charged.

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THE FIRST DISCOVERIES OF STEAM POWER.

Hon. Edward Everett, on Thursday week, delivered an oration at an Agricultural Fair at Danvers, Mass., in which occurs the following remarkable passage:

"I never contemplate the history of navigation of the ocean by steam, but it seems to illustrate to me in the most striking manner the slow steps by which a great movement moves forward for generations, for ages, from the first germ—then, when the hour is come, the rapidity with which it rushes to a final consummation. [Applause.] Sir, Providence offered this great problem of navigating the ocean by steam to every civilized nation almost on the globe. As long ago as the year 1543 there was a captain in Spain who constructed a vessel in the presence of the Emperor Charles V., (I state facts, sir, of but limited notoriety,) and in the presence of Charles V. and the court at Barcelona he exhibited a vessel of 200 tons propelled by an engine whose construction he kept a secret. But ancient documents tell us it was a monster cauldron boiler of water, and that there were two moveable on the outside of the vessel."

The Emperor was satisfied with the operation, but the treasurer of the kingdom made great objection to its introduction. The engine itself seemed to have sprung to a point of perfection hardly surpassed at the present day; for we are told that it was very expensive, and that the boiler was apt to explode. [Laughter.] No encouragement was given to the enterprise. Spain was not ripe for it—the age was not ripe for it—and poor contriver, a certain Blasco de Gurrea, wearied and disgusted at the want of patronage, took the engine out of the vessel, and allowed the ship to rot in the arsenal, and the secret of his machine was buried in his grave. This was in 1543; a century passed away, and Providence offers the same problem to be solved in France. In reference to this we have an extraordinary account, and from a source equally extraordinary—from the writings of a celebrated female, sir, in the middle of that century, equally renowned for her beauty, for her immorality, and for her misfortune in longevity—for she lived to be 134 years of age—(laughter)—the famous Marion de l'Orme. There is a letter from this lady, written to her admiral in 1641, which contains these astonishing details. It is an account of a visit she made with the Marquis of Worcester—where do you suppose Mr. President?—an account of some invention in steam navigation made in a mad house."

Marion de l'Orme says in this interesting letter that, in company with the Marquis, she was crossing the courtyard of that dismal establishment, almost petrified with terror, and clinging to her companion, when she saw a frightful face through the bars of the building and heard this voice, "I am not mad; I am not mad; I have made a discovery which will enrich the kingdom which shall adopt it. Well, she asked the guide what it meant; he struggled his shoulders and said laughingly, "Not much; something about the powers of steam."

Upon this, the lady laughed also, to think that a man should go mad on such a frivolous subject. The guide went on to say that the man's name was Solomon de Coste; that he came from Normandy four years before, and exhibited to the King an invention he had discovered, by which, by the power of steam, you could move a carriage, navigate the ocean—in short if you believed him, said the guide, there was nothing you could not do by the power of steam. Cardinal Richelieu, who at that time was France itself, and who wielded the whole power of government—and, in truth, an enlightened man, as worldly wisdom goes—was appealed to by Solomon de Coste. De Coste was a persevering man, and he followed Cardinal Richelieu from place to place exhibiting his invention, until the cardinal, getting tired of his importunities, sent him to the mad house. There he was, sir, and there, the guide went on to say, "he has written a book, and here is a copy, called 'Motive Power.'" Well, sir, the marquis of Worcester, who was an inventor, was much interested in the book and incorporated a considerable portion in his well known work called "The Century of Invention."

But you see, sir, from this anecdote, how France proved in 1641, as Spain proved in 1543, that she was unable to take up and wield this mortal thunderbolt. [Applause.]—And so, sir, the problem of navigating the ocean by steam was reserved for the Anglo-Saxon race. Soon after the time of which we now speak the best mechanical skill of England was turned towards the invention. Experiments were often made with no success, and sometimes with only with a partial success, till sometime after the middle of last century, so late as that, sir, those germs of invention which had been floating about in the minds of ingenious men for nearly two hundred years, until the middle of last

century when the steam engine—and mark you, sir, I do not now speak of the navigation of the ocean by steam, but of the engine itself, that scorching inanimate Titan, that living, burning mechanism—was brought nearly to a state of perfection by James Watt, who took out a patent in 1769, the great year in which Wellington and Napoleon were born—and ages after the names of Austerlitz and Waterloo shall perish from the memory of man the myriad hosts of intelligent labor, marshalled by the fiery champions that James Watt has placed in the field, shall gain their bloodless triumph not for the destruction but for the service of mankind. (Tremendous applause.) All hail, then, sir, I say, to the mute, indefatigable giant in the depths of the darksome mines, along the pathway of travel and trade, and on the mountain wave, that shall drag, urge, heave, haul, for the service of man. No fatigue shall pale thy herculean arm, no trampled hosts shall writhe beneath thy iron feet, no widow's heart shall bleed at thy beneficent victories. (Cheering.) Sir, England invented the steam engine; but it seems as if by the will of Providence she could not go farther.

Queen of the seas as she deemed herself, she could not apply this invention which she had brought almost to perfection—and the navigation of the ocean by steam, that the part of problem was reserved for the other branch of the Anglo-Saxon race—the branch situated in a region in this western hemisphere whose territory is traversed by some of the noblest rivers that belt the surface of the globe, and separated by the world wide-ocean from the eastern hemisphere. It is amazing to consider how, with the dawn of the Revolution, the thoughts of men turned to the application of steam navigation. Rumsey, Fitch and Evans made experiments, and those experiments attracted the notice of one whom nothing escaped belonging to the welfare of his country—I mean Washington. (Cheers.) And we have a certificate expressing the satisfaction with which he had witnessed the experiment of Rumsey. The attempt proved rather unsuccessful. I rather think it a providential appointment that the ocean was not navigated by steam in the Revolutionary age. The enormous amount of British capital and skill, if the ocean had been navigated by steam, would have put in her possession facilities for blockading the ports, which might have had a disastrous effect in the result of the whole contest. But, sir, the revolution passed and independence was established; the hour had come and the man was there. (Cheers.) In the year 1799 this system of steam navigation now became matured in the mind of Fulton, who found a liberal and active confidant in Chancellor Livingston, who in that year of 1799 came to the legislature of New York for an act of incorporation. Sir, I am sorry to say that America at that first moment could not boast of much keener perception of the nature of this discovery than France or Spain before. Chancellor Livingston at last had a petition drawn up of the act he desired passed. It was drafted by the young men of the legislature who, when tired of the matters of law, used to call up the "steam bill" that they might have a little fun. Young America, on that occasion, did not show himself so much wiser than his seniors. [Laughter.] Sir, nothing daunted at the coldness he received, nothing discouraged by the imperial success of the first experiment, Chancellor Livingston preserved. Twenty years passed away before steamers were found upon our lakes and rivers, and at that time such a system of steam navigation was wholly unknown, except by hearsay in Europe. This application of steam he made a pressing necessity in this country but twenty years more passed away before English capital was first applied to that part of the application in which England was so much interested. But, sir, when the news of the Atlantic telegraph came, I could not but think what the emotions of Fulton and Franklin would have been if they could have stood upon the quarter deck of the Niagara as she was launched at the Agamemnon ere the commencement of that electric communication which is the result of their discoveries and which now binds the two worlds together. [Applause.]

EDMUND BURKE'S IDEA OF A PERFECT WIFE.—She is handsome, but it is not a beauty arising from the features, from complexion or from shape. She has all three in a high degree, but it is not by these that she touches the heart—it is all that sweetness of temper, benevolence, innocence, and sensibility which a face can express, that just arouses your attention at first sight; it grows upon you every moment, and you wonder it did not more than raise attention at first. Her eyes have a mild light, but they are when she pleases, they command, like a man out of office, not by authority, but by virtue. Her stature is not tall, she is not made to be the admiration of every eye, but the happiness of every one. She has the firmness that does not exclude delicacy—all of the softness that does not imply weakness. Her voice is soft, low music, not formed to rule in the public assemblies, but to charm those who can distinguish a company from a crowd; it has its advantage, you must come close to hear it. To describe her body, describe her mind—one is the transcript of the other. Her understanding is not shown in the variety of matter it exerts itself upon, but the goodness of the choice she makes—Her politeness flows rather from a natural disposition to oblige, than any rules on that subject, and therefore never fails to strike those who understand good breeding, and those who do not.

A New Zealand chief maintained that he had a good title to his land because he had eaten the former owner.

WALT TO WINA.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL RITTER.]

Oh! would I were a star, love,
That I might pour o'er thee
Soft trembling lines of silvery light,
That, sliding down thy pathway bright,
Should turn that eye on me!

Oh! would I were a rose, love,
To paint my leaves for thee;
Mild pencillings of golden views
In changeable rainbow tints and hues,
Should win thy heart to me.

Oh! would I were thy heart's love,
To warm the purest breast
That ever waked a balmy sigh
When none save God and Heaven were nigh,
Or hushed its snows to rest!

But were I but a dream, love,
That soul should burn with me;
Thou'ldst all the realms of nature sought,
The star—the rose, the secret thought,
Should nightly blend o'er thee.

PALABRAS CARINOSAS.

BY T. B. ALDRIDGE.

Good Night! I have to say Good Night!
To such a host of peerless things!
Good night unto that snowy hand
All gleefully with its weight of rings!

Good night to fond, delicious eyes,
Good night to chestnut-braids of hair,
Good night unto the perfect mouth
And all the sweetness nestled there—
The snowy hand detains me, then
I'll have to say "Good Night!" again!

But there will come a time, my love,
When, if I read our stars aright,
I shall not linger by this porch
With my adieu. Till then, Good night!

You wish the time were now? And I.
You do not blush to wish it so—
You would have blushed yourself to death
To own so much a year ago—
What, both these snowy hands! and then,
I'll have to say "Good Night," again!

[Olive Branch.]

EVER ONWARD.

Life was never made for dreaming,
Stopping here, or asking when—
More resolves or words seeming—
Duty calls for honest men.

Doubting always makes us weaker—
Fear makes cowards of us all;
But the true and earnest seeker
Knows no terror or no fall.

Then gird up with bold endeavor—
Ever onward while you may;
Keep your trust and hope forever—
God himself shall guard the way.

BRIBING A LOVER: Or, Stratagem for Stratagem.

Mr. Granburn was reposing himself in his comfortable library after the fatigue of a busy day at his counting house, when a servant appeared and announced that Edward Brant, his book keeper, was below, and desired an interview with him. The merchant directed him to be at once shown up.

A moment after the young man entered. A slight flush was upon his handsome features, and he appeared a little embarrassed; but Mr. Granburn, without seeming to notice it, affably offered him a seat, uttered the ordinary compliments of the evening, and awaited what the young man had to communicate.

"I have called this evening," said the latter, at length, "to make a request of you, which I hope you will find it in your heart to grant."

The merchant bowed his head and smiled complacently, but but said nothing.

"By granting it," continued the other, "you will confer great happiness and joy; by refusing to do so, you will occasion in more than one breast the most bitter feelings of grief."

Mr. Granburn's countenance betokened the deepest interest awakened within him by the words of the young man.

"Proceed, I pray you, Edward," he said, "let me know in what manner I can confer so much pleasure; for I would not willingly be the means of causing sorrow to any one."

"I believe," uttered Edward, after a moment's reflection, "that my conduct has been such since I have been in your employ as to meet with your approval?"

"Undoubtedly,"

"You have seen nothing in my acts or conversation to lower me in your esteem, or unbecoming a gentleman?"

"Most assuredly not."

"And you are satisfied, I have good reason to believe, with my business qualities and endeavors to discharge my duties to you?"

"Perfectly so, I assure you."

"Then," said the young man, his embarrassment returning, "what I have to request is—is that—"

Mr. Granburn smiled.

"You need not hesitate to speak out, Edward," he remarked, kindly, "for I have already fathomed your thoughts."

The young man looked quickly up into his face.

"What you desire, continued the other, 'shall be granted.'"

"Is it possible," cried Edward, joyfully, "that I am so fortunate?"

Edward Brant's countenance fell instantly, and a look of deep disappointment settled thereupon.

"What," added Mr. Granburn, noticing the change, "is the amount I have mentioned not enough? Well then—"

"Yes—yes! You are very liberal—more liberal than I had reason to expect, but the truth is my salary was not in my mind—it is not that to which I refer."

"No!" uttered the merchant, with a puzzled air. "Then of what were you speaking?"

"Mr. Granburn, I love your daughter; that love is returned! Will you consent to our marriage?"

"The old gentleman sank back into his chair, as if stunned by what he heard—"

"For a few moments he looked with a bewildered air in the face of his clerk, and then, as his composure returned, a frown settled upon his features."

"Did I hear you right?" he exclaimed sternly, "did you say you had won my daughter's affections?"

"I did so state, and such is the truth."

"Sir, you have acted wrongly—unfairly, dishonorably!"

"No, no! I accuse me unjustly."

"You should have gained my consent, sir, before proceeding as you have."

"I could not ask your consent before knowing that I might hope for the consent of your daughter. I could not help loving her as I do, and I could not keep that love a secret. What was my joy on discovering that my love was reciprocated!"

Edward Brant's courage entirely returned when the disclosure was once made, and the frown of his employer did not awe him in the least.

"This passion," said the merchant, "must be checked. You are not calculated for each other, and such a union does not meet my views."

"Not calculated for one another!" repeated the young lover. "We love, and is not that enough? Our love is no trivial passion, that can be checked at will, but deep, earnest, enduring!"

"So every lover asserts. But, at all events this must not go on; I shall consent to nothing of the kind. And you are somewhat presuming to attempt to gain my daughter for a wife."

A flush arose to the face of the young clerk.

"My education," he replied, "is such, I think, as to fit me for the society in which you move!"

"Very true, but—"

"I have never forfeited, that I am aware, the title of gentleman."

"But you are poor, and she whom you would wed is the heiress of much wealth."

"True, I am at yet poor, but I am young, have health and ambition, and shall not always remain as I am."

"Nevertheless," exclaimed Mr. Granburn, angrily, "it does not suit my purpose that she should wed with you. I have long had other views regarding my daughter, and I do not care to have them frustrated. You shall see her no more. What you call love is a passion which will soon pass away when you no longer see one another. Your hearts, I dare say, will remain as sound as ever, though you never meet again. At the most, it can but cost you a few sleepless nights, and her a few tears."

"Sir, you do not know of what you speak. Though years pass away without my beholding Emily, still my affection for her can but deepen and grow stronger day by day."

The merchant sat for a few moments in silence.

"My daughter, at least," he thought, within himself, "could be induced to give up this wild passion if he were away. And if he remains in the city, what security can I feel that they will not meet?"

He must leave me, and at once. My purpose in regard to her must not—shall not—fail!"

At this moment Edward Brant rose to take his departure.

"Then you refuse," he said, "to consent to our union?"

"I do. And I hope you will see the impropriety of further intercourse with Emily, and promise that you will see her no more."

"I will make no such promise. I love her too sincerely to run the risk of wrecking her happiness as well as my own; and, until she assures me that I am no longer dear to her, till then will I hope to make her mine for life!"

And crossing the room, he laid his hand upon the door.

"Hold one moment," said Mr. Granburn; "I have a proposal to offer you—Leave New York to-morrow, and neither return nor hold communication with Emily for one year, and if, at the expiration of that term, you are both of the same mind as at present, why then you may marry and make the most of it. Say, what is your reply?"

"I reply that I accept your offer with joy!" exclaimed the young man, once more recovering his spirits. "You little know me if you think so short a separation from the one I love can soften my affection for her, and I have no fear that she will so soon forget me. Yes, I will gladly undergo the test; but I must have an interview with Emily before I leave—short let it be, and in your presence—that we may clearly understand one another; then I gladly go, even from her, that I may ensure our future happiness!"

The interview was granted; the most solemn promises were exchanged between the lovers, and the following day Edward Brant took his departure for the distant west, there to remain until the time designated should expire.

A twelve-month had passed away since the occurrence above mentioned, and Edward Brant was again in New York. On arriving in the city, he at once made his way to the residence of Mr. Granburn, eager to see the object of his love, and

learn if she still remained unchanged in her attachment to him. During his absence not a word had reached him regarding her, and as he ascended the steps and rang the door bell, his heart beat wildly with the anxiety he felt to learn how his constancy was to be rewarded.

He was ushered into the parlor, and soon after was joined by Emily, whose ardent greeting at once set his mind at rest, so far as the question of her faithfulness was concerned. The rupture of the first meeting over, the young man proceeded to speak of their engagement.

"And you have remained true to me, dear Emily," he exclaimed, half enquiringly, "through all the long time that has elapsed since the night we parted?"

"You have not doubted it, I am sure," was the reply. "You know I could not love another."

"But your father—has he used any endeavors to turn you from your purpose?"

"He has, indeed," said Emily, while a shadow crossed her features. "And I fear it is his design to part us yet."

"But he has pledged his word. He will not, certainly, prove false to his own honor!"

"I know not what to think. He has urged me incessantly to forget you, and consent to a union with another. And for the past few days he has been more than ever pressing in his demands, fearing that you would return at the appointed time, and render his efforts fruitless."

"And who is it that desires the honor of obtaining your hand?"

"He is a distant relative—the son of my father's cousin—who has a large fortune, and who professes the most ardent love for me. It is my father's greatest desire that a union should take place between us. Of course, I have refused to accede to their wishes, but have said very little upon the subject of late, knowing how my father's heart is set upon his scheme. He, I am aware, has strong hopes still that I can be brought to yield to his wishes."

"I will see him at once. The morning is not far advanced, and I shall probably find him at his counting room. Adieu for a few hours, and trust that when we meet again all doubts and fears will be cleared away."

It cannot be said that Mr. Granburn was greatly pleased when he saw the young man, but he received him as cordially as was his nature to do under the circumstances.

"You are extremely punctual," he said, with a shade of bitterness in his tone, after they had conversed awhile on different topics.

"Yes," replied Edward, "punctuality is one of my rules of life. One year ago, this morning, I left New York, to return at the expiration of twelve months; the time has expired, and I am here. Your word was given that your daughter should be mine if we remained constant to one another during that interval. I now claim a fulfillment of that promise."

"True," replied the merchant in a troubled tone, "I did make a rash promise to that effect, which I regret, inasmuch as the welfare of my daughter demands that it should not be carried out."

"How?—the welfare of your daughter?" Pardon me, my dear sir, if I think otherwise. She still loves me, and your consent is all that is needed to make us both happy."

"I have resolved, after mature reason—upon the matter, that I cannot even give that consent. Emily is intended for another—a young gentleman in every way fitted to be her husband, and who is at present here for the purpose of claiming her hand; and there is every prospect that if not carried away by an erratic passion for you, she will become his wife!" he continued, with some vehemence. "I have long designed that they should be joined, and I will not now have my wishes in this respect disregarded."

"I regret, sir, that such is your determination. I have performed a task which you yourself set me, and now you refuse me my recompense. But I will not so easily resign the prize I have won."

Mr. Granburn walked nervously up and down the room for a few moments. Then he stopped directly in front of his visitor.

"There is one way," he said, "that we can compromise this matter, and only one that I can see. It remains with you to decide whether or not it shall be adopted."

Edward Brant bowed, and the old gentleman continued:

"In regard to your marrying with Emily, that, to my mind, is out of the question. But your presence here cannot but be productive of trouble. Is there anything that will induce you to leave the city again, and remain away? Can I make it worth your while to do so?"

A flush of anger overspread the features of the young man, and he was on the point of indignantly rejecting any such offer; but he checked himself by an effort, and a thought suddenly entered his mind, and he waited to hear what was to follow.

"You do not answer," continued Mr. Granburn; "nevertheless I will make you acquainted with my proposal. Give me your word of honor to leave New York again to-morrow morning, or as much sooner as you please, and from that time neither write to Emily or return hither until you have my consent to do so, and I will pay you, previous to your departure, four thousand dollars."

The young man appeared to meditate for a few moments.

"The requirements are," said he, in a deliberate tone, "that I leave this city by to-morrow morning, and from that time neither correspond with Emily nor return here?"

"Those are the terms, precisely, upon which I will pay you the sum mentioned. It is a liberal one, you must allow."

"It is liberal enough, and I will do as you desire."

"You are wise to do so. Come again at two o'clock, and the money will be ready for you."

Edward Brant left the place, and the merchant, as soon as he was alone, rubbed his hands with a peculiar sort of satisfaction, while his face was wreathed with smiles.

"It is happily settled at last," he muttered to himself, "The money brought him to his senses. There is nothing in the way of the prosecution of my plans, for Emily, I doubt not, will soon cease to think of her former lover."

Edward Brant hastened to return to the presence of Emily, with whom he remained in close conversation for some time—"

At the appointed hour he called at the office of the merchant, and received a bank check for the amount promised him.

The following morning Emily Granburn did not make her appearance at the breakfast table, and not a little alarm was manifested when it was discovered that she was not in her room, and could not be found. Not till Mr. Granburn visited his place of business, somewhat late in the forenoon, was the mystery cleared up. He there found a note awaiting him, which read as follows:

MR DEAR SIR: In accordance with our agreement I am about to leave New York; and, as I may not be able to visit it again very soon, and it is not permitted me to correspond with Emily until I do I have prevailed upon her to accompany me. As our arrangements were all perfected yesterday, you will admit that I do not violate our agreement. We are to proceed directly to Philadelphia; and ere you read this, in all probability we shall be joined in the bands of matrimony. We are sorry to give you pain, but we cannot forfeit the happiness of a life-time to gratify a mere prejudice in you. You strove to defeat me, and did not scruple to use stratagem to accomplish your purpose—you surely cannot blame me for turning upon you with your own weapons. The endowment which you were so kind as to pay me, will be judiciously invested, and will serve us well. For the present, I shall remain in the Quaker city. Should you desire to congratulate us upon our union, you will know where to address a letter. I am, sir, with very great respect, yours truly,

EDWARD BRANT.

Mr. Granburn laid down the note when he had finished its perusal, leaned back in his chair, and fixed his eyes with a look of unutterable fierceness upon a gigantic inkstand which was sitting upon the desk before him. It was plain to see that he was anything but pleased; that he was, in good truth slightly enraged; but, as the object of his wrath was out of his reach, the consequences were not so serious as they might otherwise have been.

Mr. Granburn, in that hour determined within himself that he would never forgive the young couple for the trick they had served him—never! But after reflecting upon the matter for a couple of days, he found that it was utterly impossible for him to live deprived of the company of his daughter; and a letter to that effect soon after recalled the newly married pair.

Edward Brant once more occupies his old place in the counting room of Mr. Granburn, with this difference, however—he is a partner now!

DEAN SWIFT'S second daughter by his third wife, Martha Blount, was named Camilla, and was very ugly. Her father was very fond of joking her on her ugliness. One day he took up Pope's Essay, on Criticism, just published, and said, "Milly, wench, here's a line that describes you when you are washing your face."

"What's that, sir?" replied the girl, laughing. The Dean read—

"Not so when Swift's Camilla scours the plain."

[Punch's Literary Anecdotes.]

HOW TO REE JUPITER WHEN THE SUN IS SHINING.—Face the sun's west shortly before sunrise, and keep the eyes on the planet, which will then be about ten degrees from the zenith; till it will be plainly seen in broad daylight. There are few, perhaps, who can say they have seen Jupiter in the daytime. But this feat can be present by those of good visual organs, who will take the opportunity to observe it as directed.

MINKAL BANK OF MARYLAND.—The trustees of this concern expect to pay a second dividend of 2 1/2 cents on the dollar, about the first of November next. They have already paid one dividend of 2 1/2 cents. It is expected that at the third and final dividend about 20 per cent will be declared, thus making a total of 72 cents on the dollar. "Small favors thankfully received."

In the course of a late speech Senator Douglas in complimenting his native State Vermont, said:

"My friends, Vermont is the most glorious spot on the face of the globe for a man to born in, provided he emigrates when he is very young."

This is equal to Dr. Johnson's compliment to Scotland;—a splendid country—to leave!

An old lady possessing a fine fortune and noted for her penchant for the use of figurative expressions, one day assembled her children around her, and the following conversation took place:

"My children," said the old lady, "I am the root and ye are the branches."

"Grandma?" said one.

"What my child."

"I was thinking how much better the branches would flourish if the roots were under the ground."

The anxiety that a man feels for the want of funds, is called CAPITAL PAIN.

TIT FOR TAT.

Dobbs was up and doing April Fool Day. A singular phenomenon was to be seen in the vicinity of his place of business. Dobbs went home from his store the last evening in March, and while taking his tea, remarked to his wife that his colored porter had been blessed with an increase in his family.

"Why," said Mrs. D., "that makes sense!"

"Exactly," said he; "but the singularity about this new comer is, that one half of its face is